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GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs, with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter on the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Fairy Queen*?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I

shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part, heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend *Homo Humanus*, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsonian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose mind the conception of never wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and

have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating, when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which arises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and the means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed the awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of his duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season,

when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Cæceno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcase. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with, and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:—

A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all the fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus, and Luerine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the commendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid, the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of

saucers, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

— As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn;
Though ravenously taught to abstain from what they
brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat as a horse bolts his

chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's taste, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things in their way, jollity and feasting. —But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of

the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application of them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders? I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance

he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church; in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to be unreverend; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, when we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horesco referens*—trowsers instead of mutton.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

WHITHER doth frantic horror urge
My hurried steps?—O woe is me!
These dark waves roll a sanguine tide—
No, no—they are the sea.

To the broad earth's remotest verge
The wrath of God before me flies,
And with a voice that tears my soul
"Vengeance—eternal vengeance" cries.

I am accursed—my brother's blood
Dashes against this wild sea-shore;
It shrieks upon the hollow blast—
It thunders in the torrent's roar.

As round the craggy wave-worn rock
Whirls the impetuous, eddying flood,

So fiercely terror racks my frame
From God's decree for Abel's blood.

Lay bare thy depths, thou great profound!
Shew me the womb of night, thou deep!
Vain prayer—the Avenger waits me there;
His eyes are flame—they never sleep—

Plunged in thy bottomless abyss,
Abel's pale form would meet my sight,
As flying—flying, now I see it
On the tall mountain's topmost height.

E'er since my brother's blood was spilt,
O woe is me!—O woe is me!

My steps the Avenger's curse pursues,
It follows—ever follows me!

VISIT TO JOHN CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

WITH A NOTICE OF HIS NEW POEMS.*

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.**Wansford, Oct. 12, 1821.*

I HAVE just returned from visiting your friend Clare at Helpstone, and one of the pleasantest days I ever spent, was passed in wandering with him among the scenes which are the subject of his poems. A flatter country than the immediate neighbourhood can scarcely be imagined, but the grounds rise in the distance clothed with woods, and their gently swelling summits are crowned with village churches; nor can it be called an uninteresting country, even without the poetic spirit which now breathes about the names of many of its most prominent objects, for the ground bears all the traces of having been the residence of some famous people in early days. "The deep sunk moat, the stony mound," are visible in places where modern taste would shrink at erecting a temporary cottage, much less a castellated mansion; fragments of Roman brick are readily found on ridges which still hint the unrecorded history of a far distant period, and the Saxon rampart and the Roman camp are seen mingled together in one common ruin. On the line of a Roman road, which passes within a few hundred yards of the village of Helpstone, I met Clare, about a mile from home. He was going to receive his quarter's salary from the Steward of the Marquis of Exeter. His wife Patty, and her sister were with him, and it was the intention of the party, I learned, to proceed to their father's house at Caster-ton, there to meet such of the family as were out in service, on their annual re-assembling together at Michaelmas. I was very unwilling to disturb this arrangement, but Clare insisted on remaining with me, and the two cheerful girls left their companion with a "good bye, John!" which made the plains echo again, and woke in my old-bachelor heart the reflection "John Clare, thou art a very happy fellow."

As we were within a hundred yards of Lolham Brigs, we first turned our steps there. "Tradition gives these

brigs renown," but their antiquity is visible only to the poet's eye—the date of the present structure is 1641; still, the Roman road crossed over on the same foundation, and that is enough; or if more certain evidence of Roman origin were wanted, a fragment of a most ancient wall runs into the road diagonally at this place leaving the mind in that degree of obscurity, with respect to its age or use, which Burke esteems to be essentially connected with the sublime. Of the Poem, Clare gave me the following account. He was walking in this direction on the last day of March, 1821, when he saw an old acquaintance fishing on the lee side of the bridge. He went to the nearest place for a bottle of ale, and they then sat beneath the screen which the parapet afforded, while a hasty storm passed over, refreshing themselves with the liquor, and moralizing somewhat in the strain of the poem. I question whether Wordsworth's pedlar could have spoken more to the purpose. But all these excitations, would, I confess, have spent their artillery in vain against the wool-pack of my imagination; and after well considering the scene, I could not help looking at my companion with surprise: to me, the triumph of true genius seemed never more conspicuous, than in the construction of so interesting a poem out of such common-place materials. With your own eyes you see nothing but a dull line of ponds, or rather one continued marsh, over which a succession of arches carries the narrow highway: look again, with the poem in your mind, and the wand of a necromancer seems to have been employed in conjuring up a host of beautiful accompaniments, making the whole waste populous with life, and shedding around the rich lustre of a grand and appropriate sentiment. Imagination has, in my opinion, done wonders here, and especially in the concluding verse, which contains as lovely a groupe as ever was called into life by the best "makers" of any age or country.

* The Village Minstrel and other Poemes. 1821.

THE LAST OF MARCH.

Written at Lolham Brigs.

Though o'er the darksome northern hill
 Old ambushed winter frowning lies,
 And faintly drifts his threatenings still
 In snowy sleet and blackening skies ;
 Yet where the willow leaning lies
 And shields beneath the budding flower,
 Where banks to break, the wind arise,
 'Tis sweet to sit and spend an hour.

Though floods of winter bustling fall
 Adown the arches bleak and blea,
 Though 'snow-storms clothe the mossy wall,
 And hourly whiten o'er the lea ;
 Yet when from clouds the sun is free
 And warms the learning bird to sing,
 'Neath sloping bank and sheltering tree
 'Tis sweet to watch the creeping Spring.

Though still so early, one may spy
 And track her footsteps every hour ;
 The daisy with its golden eye,
 And primrose bursting into flower ;
 And snugly, where the thorny bower
 Keeps off the nipping frost and wind,
 Excluding all but sun and shower,
 There, children early violets find.

Here 'neath the shelving bank's retreat
 The horse-blob swells its golden ball ;
 Nor fear the lady-smocks to meet
 The snows that round their blossoms fall :
 Here by the arch's ancient wall
 The antique elder buds anew ;
 Again the bulrush sprouting tall
 The water wrinkles rippling through.

As spring's warm herald April comes,
 As nature's sleep is nearly past,
 How sweet to hear the wakening hums
 Of aught beside the winter blast !
 Of feather'd minstrels first and last,
 The robin's song's again begun ;
 And, as skies clear when overcast,
 Larks rise to hail the peeping sun.

The startling pewits, as they pass,
 Scream joyous whirring over-head,
 Right glad the fields and meadow grass
 Will quickly hide their careless shed ;
 The rooks, where yonder witchens spread,
 Quawk clamorous to the Spring's approach ;
 Here silent, from its watery bed,
 To hail her coming, leaps the roach.

While stalking o'er the fields again
 In stripp'd defiance to the storms,
 The hardy seedsman spreads the grain,
 And all his hopeful toil performs,—
 In flocks the timid pigeon swarms,
 For scatter'd kernels chance may spare ;
 And as the plough unbeds the worms,
 The crows and magpies gather there.

Yon bullocks love their liberty,
 The young grass cropping to their fill ;
 And colts, from straw-yards neighing free,
 Spring's opening promise 'joy at will :
 Along the bank, beside the rill,
 The happy lambkins bleat and run,
 Then weary, 'neath a sheltering hill
 Drop basking in the gleaming sun.

At distance from the water's edge,
 On hanging sallow's farthest stretch,
 The moor-hen 'gins her nest of sedge
 Safe from destroying school-boy's reach.
 Fen-sparrows chirp and fly to fetch
 The wither'd reed-down rustling nigh,
 And, by the sunny side the ditch,
 Prepare their dwelling warm and dry.

Again a storm encroaches round,
 Thick clouds are darkening deep behind ;
 And, through the arches, hoarsely sound
 The risings of the hollow wind :
 Spring's early hopes seem half resign'd,
 And silent for a while remain ;
 Till sunbeams broken clouds can find,
 All brighten all to life again.

Ere yet a hailstone pattering comes,
 Or dims the pool the rainy squall,
 One hears, in mighty murmuring hums,
 The spirit of the tempest call :
 Here sheltering 'neath the ancient wall
 I still pursue my musing dreams,
 And as the hailstones round me fall
 I mark their bubbles in the streams.

Reflection here is warm'd to sigh,
 Tradition gives these brigs renown,
 Though heedless Time long pass'd them by
 Nor thought them worthy noting down :
 Here in the mouth of every clown
 The "Roman road" familiar sounds ;
 All else, with everlasting frown,
 Oblivion's mantling mist surrounds.

These walls the work of Roman hands !
 How may conjecturing Fancy pore,
 As lonely here one calmly stands
 On paths that age has trampled o'er.
 The builders' names are known no more ;
 No spot on earth their memory bears ;
 And crowds, reflecting thus before,
 Have since found graves as dark as theirs.

The storm has ceased,—again the sun
 The ague-shivering season dries ;
 Short-winded March thou'lt soon be done,
 Thy fainting tempest mildly dies.
 Soon April's flowers and dappled skies
 Shall spread a couch for lovely May,
 Upon whose bosom Nature lies
 And smiles her joyous youth away.

From Lolham Brigs we turned to-
 wards the village of Helpstone, and at
 a distance I saw "Langley Bush,"
 which Clare regretted was fast hasten-
 ing to utter decay ; and could he have
 the ear of the noble proprietor, he said,
 he would beg that it might be fenced
 round to preserve it from unintentional
 as well as wanton injury. There is a
 melancholy cadence, in the construction
 of the little poem which he addressed
 to this Bush, that chimes on my ear
 whenever its name is mentioned, and
 seems to attach me to it as to a rational
 object, though I know nothing further

of its history than is contained in the following lines.

What truth the story of the swain allows,
That tells of honours which thy young days knew
Of "Langley Court" being kept beneath thy boughs
I cannot tell—thus much I know is true,
That thou art reverenc'd: even the rude clan
Of lawless gipsies, driven from stage to stage,
Pilfering the hedges of the husbandmen,
Spare thee, as sacred, in thy withering age.
Both swains and gipsies seem to love thy name,
Thy spot's a favourite with the sooty crew
And soon thou must depend on gipsy-fame,
Thy mouldering trunk is nearly rotten through.
My last doubts murnur on the zephyr's swell,
My last look lingers on thy boughs with pain;
To thy declining age I bid farewell,
Like old companions, ne'er to meet again.

The discretion which makes Clare hesitate to receive as canonical all the accounts he has heard of the former honours of Langley Bush, is in singular contrast with the enthusiasm of his poetical faith. As a man, he cannot bear to be imposed upon,—his good sense revolts at the least attempt to abuse it;—but as a poet he surrenders his imagination with most happy ease to the illusions which crowd upon it from stories of fairies and ghosts. The effect of this distinction is soon felt in a conversation with him. From not considering it, many persons express their surprise that Clare should be so weak on some topics and so wise on others. But a willing indulgence of what they deem weakness is the evidence of a strong mind. He feels safe there, and luxuriates in the abandonment of his sober sense for a time, to be the sport of all the tricks and fantasies that have been attributed to preternatural agency. Let them address him on other subjects, and unless they entrench themselves in forms of language to which he is unaccustomed, or take no pains to understand him according to the sense rather than the letter of his speech, they will confess, that to keep fairly on a level with him in the depth and tenour of their remarks, is an exercise requiring more than common effort. He may not have read the books which they are familiar with, but let them try him on such as he has read, (and the number is not few, especially of the modern poets,) and they will find no reason to under-value his judgment. His language, it is true, is provincial, and his choice of

words is indifferent, because Clare is an unpretending man, and he speaks in the idiom of his neighbours, who would ridicule and despise him for using more or better terms than they are familiar with. But the philosophic mind will strive to read his thoughts, rather than catch at the manner of their utterance; and will delight to trace the native nobleness, strength, and beauty of his conceptions, under the tattered garb of what may, perhaps, be deemed uncouth and scanty expressions. But why do I plead for his language? We have nothing in our poetry more energetic or appropriate than the affecting little poem of

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

Each scene of youth to me's a pleasing toy,
Which memory, like a lover, doats upon;
And mix'd with them I am again a boy,
With tears and sighs regretting pleasures gone.

Ah! with enthusiast excesses wild
The scenes of childhood meet my moistening eye,
And with the very weakness of a child
I feel the raptures of delight gone by.

And still I fancy, as around I stroll
Each boyish scene, to mark the sport and game,
Others are living with a self-like soul,
That think, and love such trifles, just the same.

An old familiar spot I witness here,
With young companions where we oft have met:
Tho' since we play'd 'tis bleach'd with many a year,
The sports as warmly thrill my bosom yet.

Here winds the dyke where oft we jump'd across,
'Tis just as if it were but yesternight;
There hangs the gate we call'd our wooden horse,
Where we in see-saw ridings took delight.

And every thing shines round me just as then,
Mole-hills, and trees, and bushes speckled wild,
That freshen all these pastimes up agen—
O grievous day that chang'd me from a child!

To seek the play-thing and the pleasing toy,
The painted pooty-shell* and summer-flowers,
How blest was I when I was here a boy;
What joys were mine in those delightful hours!

On this same bank I bound my posies up,
And cull'd the sweetest blossoms one by one;
The cowslips still entice me down to stoop,
But all the feelings they inspired are gone.

Though in the midst of each endear'd delight,
Where still the cowslips to the breezes bow,
Though all my childish scenes are in my sight,
Sad manhood marks me an intruder now.

Here runs the brook which I have damm'd and stopt
With choking sods, and water-weeds, and stones,
And watch'd with joy till bursting off its ploit,
In rushing gushes of wild murmuring groans.

* Snail shell.

Here stands the tree with clasping ivy bound,
Which oft I've climb'd, to see the men at plough,
And chequer'd fields for many a furlong round,
Rock'd by the winds upon its topmost bough.

Ah, on this bank how happy have I felt,
When here I sat and mutter'd nameless songs,
And with the shepherd-boy, and neatherd, knelt
Upon yon rush-beds, plaiting whips and thongs.

Fond memory warms, as here with gravel-shells
I pit'd my fancied cots and walled rings,
And scoop'd with wooden knife my little wells,
And fill'd them up with water from the springs.

Ah, memory sighs, now hope my heart beguiles
To build as yet snug cots to cheer despair,
While fate at distance mocks with grinning smiles,
And calls my structures "castles in the air."

Now e'en the thistles quaking in the wind,
The very rushes nodding o'er the green,
Hold each expressive language to my mind,
And, like old comrades, tell of what has been.

O "sweet of sweets" from infancy that flow,
When can we witness bliss so sweet as then?
Might I but have my choice of joy below,
I'd only ask to be a boy agen.

Life owns no joys so pleasant as the past,
That banish'd pleasure, wrapt in memory's womb:
It leaves a flavour sweet to every taste,
Like the sweet substance of the honey-comb.

If elegance and tenderness of expression are required, from what author in our language can we adduce more delightful instances than are found in the following

BALLAD.

Winter's gone, the summer breezes
Breathe the shepherd's joys again,
Village scene no longer pleases,
Pleasures meet upon the plain;
Snows are fled that hung the bowers,
Buds to blossoms softly steal,
Winter's rudeness melts in flowers:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Careless here shall pleasures lull thee,
From domestic troubles free;
Rushes for thy couch I'll pull thee,
In the shade thy seat shall be;
All the flower-buds will I get
Spring's first sunbeams do unseal,
Primrose, cowslip, violet:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Cast away thy "twilly willy,"
Winter's warm protecting gown,
Storms no longer blow to chill thee;
Come with mantle loosely thrown,
Garments, light as gale's embraces,
That thy lovely shape reveal;
Put thou on thy airy dresses:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Sweet to sit where brooks are flowing,
Pleasant spreads the gentle heat,
On the green's lap thyme is growing,
Every molehill forms a seat:
Fear not suns 'cause thou'rt so fair,
In the thorn-bower we'll conceal;
Ne'er a sun-beam pierces there:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

In the following little poem, the art of the composition, admirable as it is, and yielding to no other in this respect, is yet exceeded and kept properly under by the easy grace and delicate fancy with which the lover urges his passion.

BALLAD.

I love thee, sweet Mary, but love thee in fear;
Were I but the morning breeze, healthy and airy,
As thou goest a walking I'd breathe in thine ear,
And whisper and sigh how I love thee, my Mary!

I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain;
Wert thou but a streamlet a winding so clearly,
And I little globules of soft dropping rain,
How fond would I press thy white bosom, my Mary!

I would steal a kiss, but I dare not presume;
Wert thou but a rose in thy garden, sweet fairy,
And I a bold bee for to rifle its bloom,
A whole summer's day would I kiss thee, my Mary!

I long to be with thee, but cannot tell how;
Wert thou but the elder that grows by thy dairy,
And I the blest woodbine to twine on the bough,
I'd embrace thee and cling to thee ever, my Mary!

One more quotation, and I return to my companion. Is it possible, that any mode of education, or any rank in life, could have taught Clare to express, in better language than he has chosen, the lovely images under which he commemorates

PLEASURES PAST.

Spring's sweets they are not fled, though Summer's blossom

Has met its blight of sadness, drooping low;
*Still flowers gone by find beds in memory's bosom,
Life's nursling buds among the weeds of woe.*
Each pleasing token of Spring's early morning
Warms with the pleasures which we once did know;

Each little stem the leafy bank adorning,
Reminds of joys from infancy that flow.
Spring's early heralds on the winter smiling,
That often on their errands meet their doom,
Primrose and daisy, dreary hours beguiling,
Smile o'er my pleasures past whene'er they come,
And the speck-throstle never wakes his song,
But Life's past Spring seems melting from his tongue.

I have dwelt more at length than may be necessary in a letter to you, on

the subject of Clare's power of language, but some of his friends object, in my opinion, most unreasonably, to his choice of words: one wishes he would *thresh* and not *thump* the corn, another does not like his eliding the first syllable of some of his words, as "proaching, &c." Every one seems to think that the words or phrases which are in common use in his native place, or where he happened to pass the greater part of his life, ought to be reckoned the true and entire "world of words" for all Englishmen: and so each disallows by turns almost every expression which has not received the sanction of the court. At this rate, Spenser and Shakspeare ought to be proscribed, and Clare may be well content to endure their fate. But in reality, Clare is highly commendable for not *affecting* a language, and it is a proof of the originality of his genius. Style at second-hand is unfelt, unnatural, and common-place, a parrot-like repetition of words, whose individual weight is never esteemed,—a cluster-language framed and cast into set forms, in the most approved models, and adapted for all occasions,—an expedient, in fact, to give an appearance of thinking, without "the insupportable fatigue of thought." It suits the age, for we abound with machinery, invented to supersede man's labour; and it is in repute, for it "is adapted to the the meanest capacities;" but there never was a great poet, or grand original thinker in prose, who did not compose his phraseology for himself; words must be placed in order with great care, and put into combinations which have been unknown before, if the *things* which he is solicitous to express, have not been discovered and expressed before. In poetry, especially, you may estimate the originality of the thoughts by that of the language; but this is a canon to which our approved critics will not subscribe: they allow of no phrase which has not received the sanction of authority, no expression for which, in the sense used, you cannot plead a precedent. They would fetter the English poet as much as they circumscribe the maker of Latin verses,

and yet they complain that our modern poets want originality!

Helpstone consists of two streets, intersecting each other at right angles. In the middle stand the church and a cross, both rather picturesque objects, but neither of them very ancient. Clare lives in the right hand street. I knew the cottage by the elm trees which overhang it:

— The witcher branches nigh,
O'er my snug box towering high—

and was glad to hear that they are not now likely to be cut down.

On a projecting wall in the inside of the cottage, which is white-washed, are hung some well engraved portraits, in gilt frames, with a neat drawing of Helpstone Church, and a sketch of Clare's Head which Hilton copied in water colours, from the large painting, and sent as a present to Clare's father. I think that no act of kindness ever touched him more than this; and I have remarked, on several occasions, that the thought, of what would be his father's feelings on any fortunate circumstance occurring, has given him more visible satisfaction, than all the commendations which have been bestowed on his genius. I believe we must go into low life to know how very much parents can be beloved by their children. Perhaps it may be that they do more for them, or that the affection of the child is concentrated on them the more, from having no other friend on whom it can fall. I saw Clare's father in the garden: it was a fine day, and his rheumatism allowed him just to move about, but with the aid of two sticks, he could scarcely drag his feet along: he can neither kneel nor stoop. I thought of Clare's lines:

I'll be thy crutch, my father, lean on me;
Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee;
And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown,
To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.

The father, though so infirm, is only fifty-six years of age; the mother is about seven years older. While I was talking to the old man, Clare had prepared some refreshment within, and with the appetite of a thresher we went to our luncheon of bread and cheese, and capital beer from the Bell. In the

midst of our operations, his little girl awoke, a fine lively pretty creature, with a forehead like her father's, of ample promise. She tottered along the floor, and as her father looked after her with the fondest affection, and with a careful twitch of his eyebrow when she seemed in danger, the last verse of his Address to her came into my mind :

Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much;
And may my feelings, aches, and such,
The pains I meet in folly's clutch
Be never thine :
Child, it's a tender string to touch,
That sounds "thou'rt mine."

A few more years, and we shall probably see him advanced to that state of patriarchal felicity, which is so beautifully pourtrayed in his Sunday Walks :

With love's sweet pledges poddling at his heels,
That oft divert him with their childish glee
In fruitless chases after bird and bee;
And, eager gathering every flower they pass,
Of yellow lambtoe and the totter-grass,
Oft whimper round him disappointment's sigh
At sight of blossom that's in bloom too high,
And twitch his sleeve with all their coaxing powers
To urge his hand to reach the tempting flowers;
Then as he climbs, their eager hopes to crown,
On gate or stile to pull the blossoms down
Of pale hedge-roses straggling wild and tall,
And scrambling woodbine that outgrow them all,
He turns to days when he himself would teize
His tender father for such toys as these,
And smiles with rapture as he plucks the flowers,
To meet the feelings of those lovely hours,
And blesses Sunday's rest, whose peace at will
Retains a portion of those pleasures still.

Our meal ended, Clare opened an old oak bookcase, and showed me his library. It contains a very good collection of modern poems, chiefly presents made him since the publication of his first volume. Among the works of Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Crabbe, and about twenty volumes of Cooke's Poets, I was pleased to see the Nithsdale and Galloway Sang of our friend Allan Cunningham, to whom Clare expresses a great desire to be introduced; he thought as I did, that only "Auld Lang Syne" could have produced such poems as the Lord's Marie, Bonnie Lady Anne, and the Mermaid of Galloway. The Lady of the Bishop of Peterborough had just made him a present of Miss Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth. From Sir W. Scott, he received (I think) the Lady of the Lake, and Chatterton's

Poems of Rowley, in lieu of two guineas which were offered him; he had requested to have the value of the gift enhanced by the autograph of Sir Walter, in one or both the volumes, but his wish was refused. Crabbe's Works were sent him, by Lord Milton, on the day I called at Helpstone. To see so many books handsomely bound, and "flash'd about with golden letters," as he describes it, in so poor a place as Clare's cottage, gave it almost a romantic air, for, except in cleanliness, it is no whit superior to the habitations of the poorest of the peasantry. The hearth has no fire-place on it, which to one accustomed to coal fires looked comfortless, but Clare found it otherwise; and I could readily picture him enjoying, as he describes himself in one of his early Sonnets,

——The happy winter-night,
When the storm pelted down with all his might,
And roar'd and bellow'd in the chimney-top,
And patter'd vehement 'gainst the window-light,
And on the threshold fell the quick eaves-drop.
How blest I've listen'd on my corner stool,
Heard the storm rage, and hugg'd my happy spot,
While the fond parent wound her whirling spool,
And spar'd a sigh for the poor wanderer's lot.
In thee, sweet hut, this happiness was prov'd,
And these endear and make thee doubly lov'd.

Having directed my man to set off in an hour's time, and wait for me at the top of Barnack Hill, I walked with Clare to the lower end of the street, to see the place where "Jenny" drowned herself. It is a large pond, partly overhung with trees; a deep wood backs the field; and in front is an ancient building, which looks like an old manor-house, but it is now in ruins: the scene is, perhaps, the most picturesque of any in the neighbourhood. Here let me refer you at once to the poem of Cross-Roads, or the Haymaker's Story. It is so true to nature, so full of minute incidents, all telling the story in the most dramatic way, that any attempt to glance at it otherwise than in the words of the original, would be to destroy some portion of its interest; and altogether it is a most affecting narrative. The following lines are beautifully characteristic of those numberless recollections which rush upon the memory after an irreparable deed is done, and seem to have been so strikingly prophetic

of the fact, that our indifference to them assumes even a culpable taint, and we almost feel as if we might have prevented the mischief. An old woman, who was Jenny's companion, thus narrates the story :

Poor thoughtless wench ! it seems but Sunday past
Since we went out together for the last,
And plain enough indeed it was to find
She'd something more than common on her mind ;
For she was always fond and full of chat,
In passing harmless jokes 'bout beaux and that,
But nothing then was scarcely talk'd about,
And what there was, I even forc'd it out.
A gloomy wanness spoil'd her rosy cheek,
And doubts hung there it was not mine to seek ;
She ne'er so much as mention'd things to come,
But sigh'd o'er pleasures ere she left her home ;
And now-and-then a mournful smile would raise
At freaks repeated of our younger days,
Which I brought up, while passing spots of ground
Where we, when children, "hurly-burly'd" round,
Or "blindman buff'd" some morns of hours away—
Two games, poor thing, Jane dearly lov'd to play.
She smil'd at these, but shook her head and sigh'd
Whene'er she thought my look was turn'd aside ;
Nor turn'd she round, as was her former way,
To praise the thorn, white over then with May ;
Nor stooped once, tho' thousands round her grew,
To pull a cowslip as she us'd to do.
Ah, these were days her conscience view'd with pain,
Which all are loth to lose, as well as Jane.
And, what I took more odd than all the rest,
Was, that same night she ne'er a wish express'd
To see the gipsies, so belov'd before,
That lay a stone's-throw from us on the moor :
I hinted it ; she just reply'd again—
She once believ'd them, but had doubts since then.
But though her tears stood watering in her eye,
I little took it as her last good-bye ;
For she was tender, and I've often known
Her mourn when beetles have been trampled on ;
So I ne'er dream'd from this, what soon befel,
Till the next morning rang her passing bell.

And how wonderfully natural on these reflections !

That very morning, it affects me still,
Ye know the foot-path sidles down the hill,
Ign'rant as babe unborn I pass'd the pond
To milk as usual in our close beyond,
And cows were drinking at the water's edge,
And horses brows'd among the flags and sedge,
And gnats and midges dane'd the water o'er,
Just as I've mark'd them scores of times before,
And birds sat singing as in mornings gone,
While I as unconcern'd went soodling on,
But little dreaming, as the wakening wind
Flapp'd the broad ash-leaves o'er the pond reclin'd,
And o'er the waters crink'd the curdled wave,
That Jane was sleeping in her watery grave.
The neatherd boy that us'd to tend the cows,
While getting whip-sticks from the dangling boughs
Of osiers drooping by the water side,
Her bonnet floating on the top espied ;
He knew it well, and hasten'd fearful down
To take the terror of his fears to town,—
A melancholy story, far too true ;

And soon the village to the pasture flew,
Where, from the deepest hole the pond about,
They dragg'd poor Jenny's lifeless body out,
And took her home, where scarce an hour gone by
She had been living like to you and I.
I went with more, and kiss'd her for the last,
And thought with tears on pleasures that were past ;
And, the last kindness left me then to do,
I went, at milking, where the blossoms grew,
And handfuls got of rose and lambtoe sweet,
And put them with her in her winding-sheet.
A wilful murder, jury made the crime ;
Nor parson 'low'd to pray, nor bell to chime ;
On the cross roads, far from her friends and kin,
The usual law for their ungodly sin
Who violent hands upon themselves have laid,
Poor Jane's last bed unchristian-like was made ;
And there, like all whose last thoughts turn to heaven,
She sleeps, and doubtless hop'd to be forgiven.

The tale is a true one, and in a little village it would doubtless make a deep impression at the time ; but Clare received it from tradition, for the circumstance happened long ago : he would learn therefore the mere fact, that such a girl was drowned in such a pond, and all those particulars which constitute the poetry of the story, would remain to be created by the activity of his own imagination. The true poet alone could so faithfully realize to himself, and few of that class would dare to dwell so intensely upon, the agonizing considerations which pass in the mind of a person intent on self-destruction : the subsequent reflections of the narrator on her own indifference in passing the pond where Jenny lay drowned, and on the unconcern of the cattle and the insects, may be, perhaps, more easily conceived, but are no less faithfully and eloquently uttered.

In our way to Barnack, we skirted the "Milking pasture," which, as it brought to my mind one of the most delicious descriptions I ever saw of the progress of love, shall be my apology, if any is necessary, for the following quotation.

Now from the pasture milking-maidens come,
With each a swain to bear the burden home,
Who often coax them on their pleasant way
To soodle longer out in love's delay ;
While on a mole-hill, or a resting stile,
The simple rustics try their arts the while
With glegging smiles, and hopes and fears between,
Snatching a kiss to open what they mean :
And all the utmost that their tongues can do,
The honey'd words which nature learns to woo,
The wild-flower sweets of language, "love" and
"dear,"
With warmest utterings meet each maiden's ear ;

Who as by magic smit, she knows not why,
 From the warm look that waits a wish'd reply
 Droops fearful down in love's delightful swoon,
 As sinks the blossom from the suns of noon;
 While sighs ha'f-smother'd from the throbbing breast,
 And broken words sweet trembling o'er the rest,
 And cheeks, in blushes burning, turn'd aside,
 Betray the plainer what she strives to hide.
 The amorous swain sees through the feign'd disguise,
 Discerns the fondness she at first denies,
 And with all passions love and truth can move
 Urges more strong the simpering maid to love;
 More freely using toying ways to win—
 Tokens that echo from the soul within—
 Her soft hand nipping, that with ardour burns,
 And, timid, gentler presses its returns;
 Then stealing pins with innocent deceit,
 To loose the 'kerchief from its envied seat;
 Then unawares her bonnet he'll untie,
 Her dark-brown ringlets wiping gently by,
 To steal a kiss in seemly feign'd disguise,
 As love yields kinder taken by surprise:
 While, nearly conquer'd, she less disapproves,
 And owns at last with tears and sighs, she loves.
 With sweetest feelings that this world bestows
 Now each to each their inmost souls disclose,
 Vow to be true; and to be truly ta'en
 Repeat their loves, and vow it o'er again;
 And pause at loss of language to proclaim
 Those purest pleasures, yet without a name:
 And while, in highest ecstasy of bliss
 The shepherd holds her yielding hand in his,
 He turns to heaven to witness what he feels,
 And silent shows what want of words conceals;
 Then ere the parting moments hustle nigh,
 And night in deeper dye his curtain dips,
 Till next day's evening glads the anxious eye,
 He swears his truth, and seals it on her lips.

At the end of that same pastoral,

"Rural Evening," how perfect in form, character, and colour, is the following sketch of an aged woman in the almshouse.

Now at the parish cottage wall'd with dirt,
 Where all the cumber-grounds of life resort,
 From the low door that bows two props between,
 Some feeble tottering dame surveys the scene;
 By them reminded of the long-lost day
 When she herself was young, and went to play;
 And, turning to the painful scenes again,
 The mournful changes she has met since then,
 Her aching heart, the contrast moves so keen,
 E'en sighs a wish that life had never been.
 Still vainly sinning, while she strives to pray,
 Half-smother'd discontent pursues its way
 In whispering Providence, how blest she'd been,
 If life's last troubles she'd escap'd unseen;
 If, ere want sneak'd for grudg'd support from pride,
 She had but shar'd of childhood's joys, and died.
 And as to talk some passing neighbours stand,
 And shove their box within her tottering hand,
 She turns from echoes of her younger years,
 And nips the portion of her snuff with tears.

But you are tired, or at least I am, with this long letter. Briefly then, suppose that I parted with my interesting companion, on the top of Barnack Hill, a place which he has celebrated in his poems; that he pursued his way to Casterton; and that, after dinner I tried to put these my imperfect recollections of the day on paper for your amusement. * * *

(Blackwood's Magazine, Oct.)

THE FLOATING BEACON.

ONE dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happen-

ed to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our main-sail was

split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay. 'How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?' cried he, staggering forwards. 'This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!'—'No, no,' returned one of the crew, 'we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind.'—'Captain, you are drunk,' said another; 'you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey us now.'—'Silence! mutinous villain,' answered the captain. 'What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze—Up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye.'

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent

spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment, if they did not come on board, and return to their duty. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments, trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulph, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides, were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea, my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and shewed, by their motion, that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him, but, next moment, the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvass disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea, about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam ends, and that the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated, near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain, appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment, the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth. 'That,' cried one of the crew, 'must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet.' This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that some-

times rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat, brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light, and

looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time, they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required by means of ropes and pullies. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the

latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the birth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still ran very high, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norwegian coast, lying at eleven miles distance could be dimly seen. I looked in vain for some remains of the sloop or boat. Not a bird enlivened the heaving expanse of waters, and I turned shuddering from the dreary scene, and asked Morvalden, the youngest of the men, when he thought I had any chance of getting ashore. "Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us supply of provisions and other necessaries. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so, as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free

them from the expence of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in every thing.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so reserved and forbidding in her manners, that she formed no desirable acquisition to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

When night approached, after the lapse of a wearisome and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. I watched the lantern, as it swung from side to side, and flashed upon different portions of the sea alternately, and sometimes fancied I saw men struggling among the billows that tumbled around, and at other times imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of

moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away, and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—“There’s a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of any thing—and the woman is as bad as him.”—I asked what proof he had of all this.—“Oh, I know it,” returned he; “that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife’s affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations.”—“Why do you not leave the beacon,” inquired I, “and abandon your companion and guilty wife?”—“Ah, that is impossible,” answered Morvalden; “if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here

that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile?—a hopeless despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose."—"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."—"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of

this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship a-ground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and shewed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children, writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall have ever courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me, while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I then went below, and took refuge in my birth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my know-

ing why ; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed. "Because I hate trouble," replied Angerstoff.—"I am master here," said Morvalden, "and have been entrusted with the direction of every thing. Do not attempt to trifle with me."—"Trifle with you!" exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. "No, no ; I am no trifler ; and I advise you to walk up stairs again, lest I prove this to your cost."—"Why, husband," cried Marietta, "I believe there are no bounds to your laziness. You make this young man toil from morning to night, and take advantage of his good-nature in the most shameful manner."—"Peace, infamous woman!" said Morvalden ; "I know very well why you stand up in his defence ; but I'll put a stop to the intimacy that exists between you. Go to your room instantly ! You are my wife, and shall obey me."—"Is this usage to borne?" exclaimed Marietta. "Will no one step forward to protect me from his violence?"—"Insolent fellow!" cried Angerstoff, "don't presume to insult my mistress."—"Mistress!" repeated Morvalden. "This to my face!" and struck him a severe blow!" Angerstoff sprung forward, with the intention of returning it, but I got between, and prevented him. Marietta then began to shed tears, and applauded the generosity her paramour had evinced in sparing her husband, who immediately went upon deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work that had engaged his attention previous to the quarrel.

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had

some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight ; and as I did not wish to have any communications with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock, Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his birth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my birth, and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand. "Do you hear that?" cried I.—"Hear what?" returned she ; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."—"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.—"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta, "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."—"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."—"How can that be?" answered Marietta ; "Angerstoff is asleep."—"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs?"—"I don't know," returned she ; "I am hardly awake yet—Let us listen a moment."

Every thing was still for a few seconds ; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah !

that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!”—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs, and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose. “Some one is killed,” cried I. “The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty.”—“I know nothing of that,” returned Marietta. “We can’t be of any use now.—Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—My God!—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are you looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices——”

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, “Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned.” His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion! “You are a murderer!” exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.—“How do you know that?” said he, staggering back; “I’m sure you never saw—” “Hush, hush,” cried Marietta to him; “are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don’t you run and help Morvalden?”—“Has any thing happened to him?” inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.—“You told us he had fallen overboard,” returned Marietta. “Must my husband perish?”—“Give me some water to wash my hands,” said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the

murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky, appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Every thing was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words ‘murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death.’—I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the

vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—‘Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won’t burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn’t go down soon they’ll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!’—Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his birth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over

it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?—‘Why, that you are one,’ replied I, after a pause.—‘Beware what you say,’ returned he fiercely,—‘you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard.’—‘Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?’ inquired I.—He grew pale, and then cried, ‘You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!’—‘I saw it,’ said I.—‘I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said’—‘Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!’—exclaimed Angerstoff—‘Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don’t be afraid, for you’ll find me a good fellow in the end.’ He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived

the cause of the affray, and cried, 'Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For God's sake, prevent the possibility of that!'—'Yes, yes,' returned Angerstoff; 'he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care, lest I do to him what I did to—' 'To Morvalden, I suppose you mean,' said I.—'Well, well, speak it out,' replied he ferociously; 'there is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—' 'Come,' interrupted Marietta, 'don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—If he wants to give you the slip he must leap overboard.'

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and, more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on, I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and

the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first, I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my birth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up, and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin.—I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, 'What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest.—Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it.' I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he shewed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and, for a time, forgot that my situation had any thing painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my birth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the ex-

panse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to any thing else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, 'It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened.' Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, 'Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so.' I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, 'What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand.' They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accom-

plice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.—'Well, quite well,' replied the former; 'but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person.'—'Strange enough,' said the first speaker, laughing. 'Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition.'—'Overboard!' repeated Angerstoff, 'what!—how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore?'—'Why,' said the stranger, 'the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye.—Why you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell.'—'No, no, no,' returned Angerstoff; 'I never hear of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid.'—'So you don't want any fish to-day?' cried the stranger. 'Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and bye.' I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said, 'Do you believe what that man has told you?'—'Yes, by the eternal hell!' cried he vehemently; 'I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough.'—'My God!' exclaimed she, 'what is to become of us?—How dreadful! We are chained here, and cannot escape.'—'Escape

what?' interrupted Angerstoff; 'girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue.'—'Oh,' returned Marietta, 'I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there.' They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, 'God help us! they are coming now!' Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time, he started, and cried, 'I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!'—He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence, that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, 'She will capsize! shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!' In the midst of this, I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which

was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved, was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us, neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause or it, for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice

against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard a-ground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs, the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around, I neither saw any thing distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been

wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here, and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it, the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

(Literary Gazette.)

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

OF all the days in memory's list,
Those motley banish'd days;
Some overhung with sorrow's mist,
Some gilt with hopeful rays;
There is a day 'bove all the rest
That has a lovely sound,
There is a day I love the best—
When Patty first was found.

When first I look'd upon her eye,
And all her charms I met,
There's many a day gone heedless by,
But that I'll ne'er forget;

I met my love beneath the tree,
I help'd her o'er the stile,
The very shade is dear to me
That blest me with her smile.

Strange to the world my artless fair,
But artless as she be,
She found the witching art when there
To win my heart from me;
And all the days the year can bring,
As sweet as they may prove,
There'll ne'er come one like that I sing,
Which found the maid I love.

Voyages and Travels.

HUMBOLDT'S NARRATIVE.

Concluded.

Stories of Crocodiles.

OUR latter extracts from this publication have been as desultory as the curious nature of the author's inquiries seemed to require, without servilely following him through all his topographical details, and philosophical generalizations. In the same spirit, we shall now conclude our notice of these volumes with a brief sequel relating to the crocodiles of the Oroonoko.

"When the waters (says Mr. H.) are high, the river inundates the keys; and it sometimes happens, that even in the town imprudent men become the prey of crocodiles. I shall transcribe from my journal a fact, that took place during Mr. Bonpland's illness. A Guaykeri Indian, from the island de la Marguretta, went to anchor his canoe in a cove, where there were not three feet of water. A very fierce crocodile, that habitually haunted that spot, seized him by the leg, and withdrew from the shore, remaining on the surface of the water. The cries of the Indian drew together a crowd of spectators. This unfortunate man was first seen seeking for a knife in the pocket of his pantaloons. Not being able to find it, he seized the head of the crocodile, and thrust his fingers into its eyes. No man in the hot regions of America is ignorant, that this carnivorous reptile, covered with a buckler of hard and dry scales, is extremely sensible in the only parts of his body which are soft and unprotected, such as the eyes, the hollow underneath the shoulders, the nostrils, and beneath the lower jaw, where there are two glands of musk. The Guaykeri Indian had recourse to the same means which saved the negro of Mungo Park, and the girl of Uritucu, whom I have mentioned above; but he was less fortunate than they had been, for the crocodile did not open its jaws, and lose hold of its prey. The animal, yielding to the pain, plunged to the bottom of the river; and, after having drowned the Indian, came up to the surface of

the water, dragging the dead body to an island opposite the port. I arrived at the moment when a great number of the inhabitants of Angostura had witnessed this melancholy spectacle.

"As the crocodile, on account of the structure of its larynx, of the hyoid bone, and of the folds of its tongue, can seize, though not swallow, its prey under water; a man seldom disappears without the animal being perceived some hours after near the spot devouring its prey on a neighbouring beach. The number of individuals who perish annually, the victims of their own imprudence and of the ferocity of these reptiles, is much greater than it is believed to be in Europe. It is particularly so in villages, where the neighbouring grounds are often inundated. The same crocodiles remain long in the same places. They become from year to year more daring, especially, as the Indians assert, if they have once tasted of human flesh. These animals are so wary, that they are killed with difficulty. A ball does not pierce their skin, and the shot is only mortal when directed at the throat, or beneath the shoulder.

The Indians, who know little of the use of fire-arms, attack the crocodile with lances, after it is caught with large pointed iron hooks, baited with pieces of meat, and fastened by a chain to the trunk of a tree. They do not approach the animal till it has struggled a long time to disengage itself from the iron fixed in the upper jaw. There is little probability that a country in which a labyrinth of rivers without number brings every day new bands of crocodiles from the eastern bank of the Andes, by the Meta and the Apure, towards the coast of Spanish Guyana, should ever be delivered from these reptiles. All that will be gained by civilization will be to render them more timid, and more easily put to flight.

"Affecting instances are related of African slaves, who have exposed their lives to save those of their masters, who had fallen into the jaws of the cro-

codile. A few years ago, between Uritucu and the *Mission de Abaxo*, a negro, hearing the cries of his master, flew to the spot, armed with a long knife, (*machette*), and plunged into the river. He forced the crocodile, by putting out his eyes, to let go his prey, and hide himself under the water. The slave bore his expiring master to the shore, but all succour was unavailing to restore him to life. He died of suffo-

cation, for his wounds were not deep; the crocodile, like the dog, appears not to close its jaws firmly while swimming. It is almost superfluous to add, that the children of the deceased, though poor, gave the slave his freedom."

Upon the whole, this portion of Mr. Humboldt's work is equally entertaining with what has gone before, and throws much light on Physics and Geography.

Original Letters.

DAVID HUME.

[Eleven original and unpublished letters, written by this eminent man, have been very kindly put into our hands, with permission to insert them in the *Literary Gazette*. They are derived from a quarter which leaves no doubt of their authenticity; and we are sure that we could hardly offer a more acceptable treat to our Readers, or one more congenial to the spirit of our publication, than these examples of the amiable temper and playful manner of the illustrious Scottish historian. Five of them are addressed to the late Baron Mure, and six of them to Dr. Adam Smith. We need scarcely say, that our copies are *verbatim et literatim*.]

NO. I.

Addressed to William Mure, Esq. M. P. London.
(This gentleman was afterwards one of the Barons of the Scotch Court of Exchequer.)

I HAVE wrote to Mr. Oswald by this post, in order to promote an intimacy and friendship betwixt you. I exhort you to persevere in your intention of cultivating a friendship with him. You cannot possibly find a man of more worth, of a gentler disposition, or better understanding. There are infinite advantages attending an intimacy with such persons; among which this is not the least, as far as I can judge by my own experience, that I always derive from it an additional motive to preserve my character for honour and integrity; because I know that nothing else can preserve their friendship. Should I give you an exhortation of this kind, you might think me very impertinent; though really you ought to ascribe it more to my friendship, than my diffidence. 'Tis impossible ever to think ourselves secure enough, where our concern is extremely great; and, tho' I dare be confident of your good conduct as of my own, yet you must allow me to be diffident of it, as I shou'd be of my own. When I consider your disposition to virtue, cultivated by letters, together with your moderation, I cannot doubt of your

steadiness. The delicacy of the times does not diminish this assurance, but only dashes it with a few fears, which rise in me without my approbation, and against my judgment. Let a strict frugality be the guardian of your virtue; and preserve your frugality by a close application to business and study. Nothing wou'd so effectually throw you into the lumber and refuse of the House as your departure from your engagements at this time; as a contrary behaviour will secure your own good opinion, and that of all mankind. These advantages are not too dearly purchased even by the loss of fortune, but it belongs to your prudence and frugality to procure them, without paying so dear a purchase for them. I say no more; and hope you will ascribe what I have said, not to the pedagogue, or even to the philosopher, but to the friend. I make profession of being such with regard to you; and desire you to consider me as such no longer, than I shall appear to be a man of honour.—Yours,

Jan. 26. (Signed) D. HUME.

NO. II. September 10.

I made a pen, dipt it in ink, and set myself down in a posture of writing, before I had thought of any subject, or made provision of one single thought, by which I might entertain you. I

trusted to my better genius, that he wou'd supply me in a case of such urgent necessity: but having thrice scratcht my head, and thrice bit my nails, nothing presented itself, and I threw away my pen in great indignation. O! thou instrument of dulness," says I, "doest thou desert me in my greatest necessity; and being thyself so false a friend, hast thou a secret repugnance at expressing my friendship to the faithful Mure, who knows thee too well ever to trust to thy caprices, and who never takes thee in his hand without reluctance. While I, miserable wretch that I am, have put my chief confidence in thee; and relinquishing the sword, the gown, the cassock, and the toilette, have trusted to thee alone for my fortune and my fame. Begone! avaunt! Return to the goose from whence thou camest. With her thou wast of some use, while thou conveyedst her thro' the ethereal regions. And why, alas! when pluckt from her wing, and put into my hand, dost thou not recognize some similitude betwixt it, and thy native soil, and render me the same service, in aiding the flights of my heavy imagination."

Thus accus'd, the pen erected itself upon its point, placed itself betwixt my fingers and my thumb, and mov'd itself to and fro upon this paper, to inform you of the story, complain to you of my injustice, and desire your good offices to the reconciling such ancient friends.

But not to speak nonsense any longer, (by which, however, I am glad I have already fill'd a page of paper,) I arrived here about three weeks ago: am in good health; and very deeply immerst in books and study. Tell your sister, Miss Betty, (after having made her my compliments,) that I am as grave as she imagines a philosopher should be: laugh only once a fortnight: sigh tenderly once a week: but look sullen every moment. In short, none of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ever show'd so absolute a change from a human creature, into a beast; I mean, from a gallant into a philosopher.

I doubt not but you see my Lord Glasgow very often; and therefore I shall suppose, when I write to one, I

pay my respects to both. At least, I hope he will so far indulge my laziness. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

Did you receive my letter from Glasgow? I hope it did not displease you. What are your resolutions with regard to that affair?

Remember me to your sister, Miss Nancy, to Miss Dunlop, and to Mr. Leechman. Tell your mother, or sisters, or whoever is most concern'd about the matter, that their cousin John Steuart, is in England, and, as 'tis believed, will return with a great fortune.

I say not a word of Mr. Hutcheson, for fear you should think I intend to run the whole circle of my West-country acquaintance, and to make you a bearer of a great many formal compliments. But I remember you all very kindly, and desire to be remember'd by you, and to be spoke of sometimes,—and to be wrote to.

(Addressed) Wm. Mure, of Caldwell, Esq.
at Caldwell.

NO. III.

I am surprised you should find fault with my letter. For my part, I esteem it the best I ever wrote. There is neither barbarism, solecism, æquivoque, redundancy, nor transgression of one single rule of grammar or rhetoric, thro' the whole. The words were chosen with an exact propriety to the sense, and the sense was full of masculine strength and energy. In short, it comes up fully to the Duke of Buckingham's description of fine Writing. *Exact propriety of words and thought.* This is more than what can be said of most compositions. But I shall not be redundant in the praise of brevity, tho' much might be said on that subject. To conclude all, I shall venture to affirm, that my last letter will be equal in bulk to all the orations you shall deliver, during the two first sessions of Parliament. For, let all the letters of my epistle be regularly divided, they will be found equivalent to a dozen of *No's* and as many *Ay's*. There will be found a *No* for the Triennial Bill, for the Pension Bill, for the Bill about regulating Elections, for the Bill of Pains and Penalties against L. Orford, &c. There will also be found *Ay* for

the Standing Army, for Votes of Credit, for the Approbation of Treaties, &c. As to the last *No* I mentioned, with regard to Lord Orford, I beg it of you as a particular favour. For, having publish'd to all Britain my sentiments on that affair, it will be thought by all Britain, that I have no influence on you, if your sentiments be not conformable to mine. Besides, as you are my disciple in religion and morals, why shou'd you not be so in Politics? I entreat you to get the Bill about Witches repealed, and to move for some new Bill to secure the Christian Religion, by burning Deists, Socinians, Moralists, and Hutchinsonians.

I shall be in town about Christmas, where, if I find not Lord Glasgow, I shall come down early in the Spring to the Borders of the Atlantic Ocean, and rejoice the Tritons and Sea-gods with the prospect of Kelburn* in a blaze. For I find, that is the only way to unsettle his Lordship. But I intend to use the freedom to write to himself on this subject, if you will tell me how to direct to him. In the mean time do you make use of all your eloquence and argument to that purpose.

Make my humble compliments to the ladies, and tell them, I should endeavour to satisfy them, if they wou'd name the subject of the Essay they desire. For my part, I know not a better subject than themselves; if it were not, that being accus'd of being unintelligible in some of my writings, I shou'd be extremely in danger of falling into that fault, when I shou'd treat of a subject, so little to be understood as Women. I wou'd, therefore, rather have them assign me the Deiform fund of the Soul, the passive unions of nothing with nothing, or any other of those mystical points, which I would endeavour to clear up, and render perspicuous to the meanest readers.

Allow not Miss Dunlop to forget, that she has a humble servant, who has the misfortune to be divided from her, by the whole breadth of this island. I know she never forgets her friends; but, as I dare not pretend to that rela-

tion, upon so short an acquaintance, I must be beholden to your good offices, for preserving me in her memory; because I suspect mightily that she is apt to forget and overlook those who can aspire no higher than the relation I first mention'd.

This I think is enough in all conscience. I see you are tir'd with my long letter, and begin to yawn. What! can nothing satisfy you, and must you grumble at every thing. I hope this is a good prognostic of your being a patriot.

Nov. 14th.
(Addressed) To Wm. Mure, of Caldwell, Esq.
at Caldwell.

No. IV.

Dear Mure,—I hope you do not think yourself oblig'd by saying civil things, to make atonement for the too homely truths, which you told me formerly. I will not believe so. I take for granted, that you are equally sincere in both: Though I must own, that I think my first Volume* a great deal better than the second: the subject admitted of more eloquence, and of greater nicety of reasoning, and more acute distinctions. The opposition, I may say the rage with which it was received by the public, I must confess, did not a little surprise me. Whatever knowledge I pretend to in history, and human affairs, I had not so bad an opinion of men as to expect, that candour, disinterestedness, and humanity, cou'd entitle me to that treatment. Yet such was my fate. After a long interval, I at last collected so much courage, as to renew my application to the second Volume, tho' with infinite disgust and reluctance; that I am sensible, that in many passages of it, there are great signs of that disposition, and that my usual fire does not every where appear. At other times, I excited myself, and perhaps succeeded better.

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est;
Mens intenta suis, ne foret usque malis.
Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora musee,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.*

I leave you to judge, whether your letter came in a very seasonable time. I own, that I had the weakness to be

* The Earl Glasgow's house, on the coast of Renfrewshire.

† This alludes to the first Volume of his History of the House of Stuart.

affected by it; when I found, that a person, whose judgment, I very much valu'd could tell me, tho' I was not asking his opinion,—But I will not proceed any farther. The matter gave me uneasiness at the time, tho' without the least resentment: At present, the uneasiness is gone; and all my usual friendship, confirm'd by years and long acquaintance still remains.

Pray, whether do you pity or blame me most, with regard to this dedication of my Dissertation to my Friend, the Poet? I am sure I never executed any thing, which was either more elegant in the composition, or more generous in the intention: yet such an alarm seiz'd some fools here, (men of very good sense, but fools in that particular,) that they assail'd both him and me with the utmost violence; and engag'd us to change our intention. I wrote to Millar to suppress that dedication: two posts after I retracted that order. Can any thing be more unlucky, than that, in the interval of these four days, he should have opened his sale, and disposed of 800 copies, without that dedication, whence, I imagin'd, my friend would reap some advantage, and myself so much honour. I have not been so heartily vexed at any accident of a long time. However, I have insisted that the dedication shall still be published.

I am a little uncertain what work I shall next undertake: for I do not care to be long idle. I think you seem to approve of my going forward, and I am sensible, that the subject is much more interesting to us, and even will be so to posterity, than any other I cou'd choose: but can I hope, that there are materials for composing a just and sure history of it? I am afraid not. However, I shall examine the matter. I fancy it will be requisite for me to take a journey to London, and settle there for some time, in order to gather such materials as are not to be found in print. But if I should go backwards, and write the History of England from the accession of Henry the 7th,—I might remain where I am; and I own to you, at my

time of life, these changes of habitation are not agreeable, even tho' the place be better, to which one removes.

I am sorry, my fair cousin does not find London so agreeable as perhaps she expected. She must not judge by one winter. It will improve against next winter, and appear still better the winter after that. Please make my compliments to her, and tell her that she must not be discourag'd. By-the-bye, Mrs. Binnie tells me that she writes her a very different account of matters, so that I find my cousin is a hypocrite.

I shall make use of your criticisms, and wish there had been more of them. That practice of doubling the genitive is certainly very barbarous, and I carefully avoided it in the first volume; but I find it so universal a practice, both in writing and speaking, that I thought it better to comply with it, and have even chang'd all the passages in the first volume in conformity to use. All languages contain solecisms of that kind.

Please make my compliments to Sir Harry Erskine, and tell him that I have executed what I have propos'd.—I am, dear Mure, your most affectionate friend and servant,

(Sd.)

DAVID HUME.

No. V.

St. David's-street, Oct. 25th, 1775.

Oh! dear Baron,—you have thrown me into agonies, and almost into convulsions, by your request. You ask what seems reasonable, what seems a mere trifle; yet am I so unfit for it, that it is almost impossible for me to comply. You are much fitter yourself. That address, by which you gain'd immortal honour, was done altogether without my knowledge, I mean that after the suppression of the late rebellion. Here is Lord Home teizing me for an address from the Merse; and I have constantly refus'd him. Besides, I am an American in my principles, and wish we would let them alone to govern or misgovern themselves, as they think proper: the affair is of no consequence, or of little consequence to us. If the county of Renfrew think it indispensably necessary for them to interpose in pub-

† John Home, author of Douglas, &c. at that time under the displeasure of the more zealous Ministers of the Church of Scotland.

lic matters, I wish they wou'd advise the king first to punish those insolent rascals in London and Middlesex, who daily insult him and the whole legislature, before he think of America. Ask him, how he can expect that a form of government will maintain an authority at 3000 miles distance, when it cannot make itself be respected, or even be treated with common decency at home. Tell him, that Lord North, tho' in appearance a worthy gentleman, has not a head for these great operations, and that if fifty thousand men and twenty millions of money were intrusted to such a lukewarm General as Gage, they never could produce any effect. These are objects worthy of the respectable county of Renfrew, not mauling the poor unfortunate Americans in the other hemisphere.

In return for thus sketching out to you the object of an address, I have a

favour to ask of you. Dr. Trail, the professor of divinity, is dead, and knows now whether there be any truth in all those doctrines, which he taught while alive. Dr. Wight is a candidate for the chair. I know you wish him well, and will favour him; but will you do it with sufficient zeal? I wish you would exert yourself. He is a sensible, good humoured, gentleman-like fellow, and as sound and orthodox as you could wish. If you can engage the principal in his interests, it will be great point gain'd. Wight is much connected with all our friends here, whom I know you wish to oblige.

You are to be at Hamilton, I hear, some day next week. Tell me the day; I will meet you at Cultness, that is, weather, health, and humour serving. Your's,

D. H.

(Addressed) To the Hon. Baron Mure,
at Caldwell, near Glasgow.

Original Voyages.

CHAP. IX.

The Sandwich Islands.—A Patriot or Run-away Ship.—History of its change of Masters, Piracies, and Plundering.

ABOUT the middle of May, the Columbia took a cargo to Owhyhee. A few days after May 20th, 1818, one of the King's vessels made her appearance from that island, and informed us that a patriot ship, called the Santa Rosa, had arrived from the coast of Peru, under the command of Captain Turner, from whom Tameamah had purchased the ship and cargo, for 6000 peekles of sandal wood. It struck me very forcibly, that she must be some ship with which the crew had run away, or they could not afford to sell her for 6000 peekles, as she had a very valuable cargo of dry goods on board, and a great deal of money, which was, however, shared among the crew. The people went on shore after they had made their bargain, and three of them came down to Woahoo in the King's vessel. I got into conversation with one of them, who was half intoxicated, and after inquiring into the particulars of their cruise, I asked him what they had done with their former Captain? By this question he was thrown

off his guard, and answered, that he had been sent on shore with thirteen others, at Valparaiso. When I learned this, I went to the chief, named Bokee, and made him acquainted with the circumstance; he had them immediately brought to the fort, where an examination took place, in the course of which it came out, that the ship, Santa Rosa, alias Checka Boca, alias Liberty, had been fitted out at the River Plate, under the command of Captain Turner, and had sailed round Cape Horn, to cruise against the Spaniards in the North and South Pacific; on going round the Horn there were some symptoms of mutiny; the men would not allow punishment to be inflicted, and Captain Turner threatened hard that he would punish them severely, when the ship arrived at Valparaiso. When they had fine weather they were in the habit of exercising the guns, and on Sunday, the 27th of July, 1817, having just secured them, the man at the mast-head, called out '*A sail, ho!*' the people ran to their quarters, and one of the officers went aloft with the glass to look for the vessel; when the crew loaded the guns, and turned them aft, at the same time

seizing the captain and officers, and crying out *Liberty!* Captain Turner was standing on the companion with a spy glass in his hand, when a man of the name of Griffiths, took him by the legs and threw him off. The first lieutenant, Mr. Coran, was in the cabin getting his pistols, when he heard the noise on deck, and found the ship in possession of the mutineers; he fired his pistols up the companion by which one man was wounded. The captain called out to him to blow the ship up; to prevent which, the sailors broke the sky-light, and got down and secured him. All the officers were then confined in irons in the forecastle, and a master's mate, named M'Donald, took command of the vessel. When they got off Valparaiso, they sent the captain and officers on shore (excepting Mr. Prockley, the master, whom they kept to navigate the ship.) They then ran for Juan Fernandes to water, and stood along the coast, where they captured and destroyed many Spanish vessels. Their next run was to the Gallipagos Islands to refit, where a second mutiny was set on foot, but discovered. They sent the principals on shore, one of whom was drowned in landing. Here Mr. Prockley, the master, left them, and went off in an English whale ship. Mr. M'Donald then assumed the name of Turner, took the command, and appointed officers.

When the ship was fitted and watered, they again run in for the shore, where they took towns, destroyed vessels, robbed and burnt churches; in short, they became the terror of the coast. They sent a party of forty men, under the command of Griffiths, who

was then first lieutenant, to go into a port, and cut out some vessels, of which they had information; but, when this party were out of sight of the ship, it was agreed by those who remained on board, to steer her to the Sandwich Islands and sell her, which they accordingly did. Upon our obtaining this information of the Santa Rosa, we sent an account of it to Tameameah, who gave orders for the men to be distributed among the chiefs, each to have a certain number under his charge to be answerable for; shortly after this, the party, who had been away under the command of Mr. Griffiths, arrived at Owhyhee in a small brig, which they had captured. They were outrageous at finding the ship in possession of the King, and wanted him to give her up, offering him the brig and all her cargo in exchange; but he refused to do so, saying, they were robbers, and he would hold the ship for the owners. He had her accordingly hauled close in shore, and a number of white men and natives continually on board, and the guns double shot. Mr. M'Donald made his escape on board the brig; they touched at Woahoo; I went on board, and they gave me letters for England, which I since delivered. Hence they ran to Atooi and back to Woahoo, hovering about the islands for some time in hopes of regaining their ship. In the middle of June, Captain Jennings returned from Owhyhee, leaving the King in a poor state of health; and we now only awaited the arrival of American N. W. ships (which generally call here in their passage to China,) to freight our wood to Canton.

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

There was a time, when love's young flowers
With many a joy my bosom prest:
Sweet hours of bliss!—but short are hours,
Those hours are fled—and I'm distrest.
I would not wish, in reason's spite;
I would not wish new joy to gain;
I only wish for one delight—
To see those hours of bliss again.

There was a day, when love was young,
And nought but bliss did there belong;
When blackbird's nestling o'er us sung,
Ah me! what sweetness wak'd his song.

I wish not springs for ever fled;
I wish not birds' forgotten strain;
I only wish for feelings dead
To warm, and wake, and feel again.
But, ah! what once was joy is past;
The time's gone by; the day and hour
Are whirring fled on trouble's blast,
As winter nips the summer flower.
A shadow is but left the mind,
Of joys that once were real to view;
An echo only fills the wind,
With mocking sounds that once were true.

Biography.

(Literary Gazette.)

BUCKINGHAM, THE TRAVELLER.

FROM materials collected chiefly from the East India Journals, we are enabled to present our readers with a biographical notice of the enterprising traveller, Buckingham, whose tour in Palestine, through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the river, have recently been announced for publication.

J. S. Buckingham was born about the year 1786, and left his paternal home, to brave the dangers of an unruly element as a sailor, at the early age of nine years. In one of his first cruises he was made a prisoner of war, and carried with his shipmates by the Spaniards (who at this period were the allies of the French) into the port of Corunna. They were, however, speedily set at liberty, and proceeded on foot to Lisbon, on their journey to which place our young traveller was gratified with abundant opportunity of encouraging his itinerant propensities.

Whilst yet a boy, he made a series of voyages to America, the Bahama Islands, and the West Indies, and thus strengthened still more his passion for novelty and research.

The Mediterranean was the next scene of his wanderings. From this period he seems to have cherished the idea of visiting Egypt, Greece, Phœnicia, Italy, and Mauritania. Sicily, Malta, the Islands of the Archipelago, the coast of Asia Minor, were alternately visited by this juvenile adventurer, and the more he saw and read of these interesting classical countries, the stronger grew his thirst for information, and his desire to explore other regions, of which he could form no idea. The life of a sailor afforded him but slender opportunities of study, and every moment that could be spared from his maritime duties was employed by him in acquiring information of the geography of the countries which surrounded him.

He visited the port of Alexandria, ascended the Nile, and investigated the Pyramids. From thence he directed his course towards India, by way of

the Red Sea. It being represented to him, that a competent knowledge of the navigation of this ocean was desirable, he resolved to accomplish the attainment of it. Buckingham advanced to Keneh, in order to cross from thence to Kossier, having with him excellent instruments for nautical purposes; Hermopolis, Antinoë, Panopolis, Abydos, Diosopolis, and Zentyra, were successively the objects of his attention.

In the midst of obstructions which would have appalled an ordinary traveller, Buckingham spread his sail for the more southern cities of the Nile. At Thebes he remained a week. At Latopolis he met with the late amiable and accomplished traveller Burckhardt. They passed a few days together, and then separated, Burckhardt for the desert and Buckingham to pursue his course up the Nile.

Our adventurer next visited the cataracts, and the various stupendous monuments of art, at Zaefa, Gulabshee, Gartaarsy, Garfeecey, and Nubia. It was at this juncture that an attack of the ophthalmia deprived him for a time almost entirely of sight. In his passage through the Desert Keneh he was plundered of cloths, money, papers, arms, and instruments, and left to pursue his journey over a rocky path, naked and barefoot, scorched by day and frozen by night, it being the middle of an Egyptian winter. The hospitable mansion of Colonel Missett, the Consul-general for this country, at Keneh, afforded him a temporary asylum. During his second stay at Cairo, he applied himself to the study of the Arabic language, and, having acquired a partial knowledge of it, he crossed the desert of Suez to examine its port, and finally returned to Alexandria, the point from which he set out.

A short time subsequent to this, in the dress of a Mameluke, he journeyed with a caravan of fifty thousand camels and about as many pilgrims to Mecca. On his arrival at Jedda, our adventurer found himself so ill that he was obliged

to be carried on shore in a litter. Having no means of prosecuting his journey to Mecca, he was compelled to send a messenger to Mr. Burckhardt, then at the holy city, who visited him at Jedda, and remained with him several days, giving him, ere he left, the most unequivocal proofs of his friendship and benevolence.

At this time the *Luffenut-ul-Russool* ship, under English colours, arrived from India. Buckingham, at the request of her worthy captain, went on board, where he rapidly recovered from his indisposition. With this commander, Captain Boog, he proceeded to Bombay, during which voyage he collected materials for a chart of the Red Sea. He returned from India in the course of a few months with a Mr. Babington, and materially increased, during the voyage, his stock of hydrographical knowledge.

At Cairo, a third time, he encountered his friend, Mr. Burckhardt; but his stay in Egypt, on this occasion, was of short duration. His next route was by Syria and Mesopotamia. In the course of his journey he visited Palestine and the country beyond Jordan; the eastern parts of Moab, Bashan,

Gilead, and the Auranites; crossed Phœnicia and part of Syria, and from Antioch proceeded to Aleppo. He passed through Mesopotamia by Ur of the Chaldees, to Nineveh and Babylon; and so visited on his way Diarbeker, Mosul, and Baghdad. He was subjected to repeated illnesses on this expedition; for his recovery, on one occasion, he was indebted to the kind hospitality of Lady Hester Stanhope; and, on another, to Mrs. Rich, who was at that time a resident at Baghdad. His Arabic studies were continued, as far as the duties of his situation would admit, at Bassorah, Bushia, and Muscat. After returning to Bombay, he sailed, in order to complete his voyage, (touching at most of the ports on the Malabar coast,) to Calcutta. It was, on his arrival at this place, that Buckingham set about condensing his memoranda for the purpose of publication, and he has been encouraged in this object by the patronage of the Marquis of Hastings, the Bishop of Calcutta, Colonel Mackenzie, the Surveyor General of India, and Dr. Lumsden, Professor of Arabic in the College of Fort William. The results of these labours will, we understand, be speedily laid before the public.

SONG.

FROM THE OLD FRENCH.

MAID, where are the violets sweet,
Dress'd in colours all so gay,
Shedding soft perfume, to greet
The Queen of flowers on her way?
Past, O youth! is Spring's fair day,
With it violet died away.

Say where are the roses fair
We used to gather in the glade,
To deck the bosom or the hair
Of shepherd youth and village maid?
Maiden! fled is Summer's day,
Rose, alas! soon pass'd away.

Lead me to the secret shade,
Where the murmuring rivulet
O'er the pebbly bottom stray'd,
Watering gentle violet.
Suns too ardent scorch'd full sore,
Streamlet murmurs now no more.

2R ATHENEUM VOL. 10.

Lead me then to bow'r so green,
Where the blushing muskrose grew,
Where the swain at eve was seen
With shepherdess for ever true.
Cruel storm and hail came o'er,
Bower, alas! is green no more.

Where, then, is the gentle maid,
Who, whene'er my eye she met,
Tender, pensive, bow'd her head
Towards the modest violet?
Short, O youth! is mortal hour,
Faded, too, is beauty's flower!

Where is he, whose tuneful reed
Used to chaunt the secret shade,
Arbor, streamlet, flow'ry mead,
Violet, rose, and gentle maid?
Life, O maid! is quickly o'er,
E'en the minstrel is no more!

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.*

Literary Gazette.

SINCE the publication of our last number, Mr. Buckingham's splendid volume has issued from the press; and, as the curiosity of our readers will, in some measure have been excited by the notice already given of this distinguished traveller, we shall hasten to lay before them an account of the work itself, with extracts from such portions of the relation, as would seem to us most novel and interesting. There have, it is true, been many travels through the Holy Land in the course of the last twenty years: but the cradle of our religion, the birth-place of classic fable, the scene of all that is venerable in Holy Writ, and the theatre of the most heroic exploits, during the Jewish, the Roman, and the Saracenian wars, cannot well be too frequently or too minutely described; and that author must be dull indeed, who should prove unable either to correct or add his share of information to the labours of those who have gone before him.

"I come like those who have preceded me (says Mr. Buckingham) with a profession of dissatisfaction at the incompleteness of all that has been written before, and with the belief and assurance that I am able to add something new to the general fund of human knowledge, and, more particularly, to our local acquaintance with Judea."

By far the most important part of these travels, and that which may be termed entirely new, is the description of Bashan and Gilead, east of the Jordan. No traveller, whose works are before the public, has ever hitherto explored the country beyond this river; and as Mr. B.'s account of this neighbourhood occupies the greater portion of his volume, the acquirement of much and valuable information will naturally result from the perusal of his pages; rendered as they are peculiarly pleasing, by a correct and elegant style, and a clear but comprehensive description of

the objects which have engaged his attention.

Mr. Buckingham left Alexandria in a skutoor, or small vessel peculiar to the Syrian coast, on the 25th of December, 1815. The captain and crew, altogether ten in number, were Syrian Arabs of the Greek religion. They appeared to be entirely ignorant of navigation, and quite incompetent to manage the vessel. Besides these men, there were on board about ten passengers of different countries and persuasions, who were, for the most part, compelled to remain upon the deck, as the cabin was so small as scarcely to admit of a person sitting upright in it. The following instance of superstition is related by Mr. Buckingham; they had all suffered considerable inconvenience from a dead calm and want of water:—

"The moon had set in a dark bed of rising clouds, and the whole appearance of night portended a western gale. Not more than twenty quarts of water, and this extremely foul, now remained for the subsistence of about twenty persons, so that the anxiety with which every eye was directed towards the quarter from whence the wind was desired, may be readily conceived.

"The dawn opened, however, and not a breath of air was yet stirring. Prayers and incense were resorted to, and the tone of all those engaged in offering them, had sunk from confidence to melancholy despair. The men were evidently terrified at the prospect of approaching death, and their whole conduct, in this respect, (they were of the Greek church,) formed a striking contrast to the calm resignation of the Mahomedans on board, who continued to preserve all their former tranquillity, and console themselves with the assurance of their prophet, 'God is great and merciful, and what he hath decreed must come to pass.'

* Travels in Palestine, through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the river Jordan; including a visit to the cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, &c. &c.

"When prayers were ended, a straw mat, on which the captain slept, was let down into the sea, and with the shreds of another mat torn up for the purpose, a fire was kindled thereon, and the whole was pushed from the vessel's side as a burnt offering to the God of the Winds. I had at first conceived that the object of this ceremony was chiefly to mark the direction which the smoke would take when free from the influence of those eddies always occasioned by the flapping of a ship's sails in a calm; but it afterwards appeared that it was, in every sense, a sacrifice, from the peculiar marks of which our future fate was augured. If the flame burnt clear and bright, so as to be distinguished plainly through the thick smoke of the damp straw; if it continued unextinguished until the fuel became a heap of ashes, and if it returned not again to the vessel, but drifted in some other course, all these were to be so many proofs that the fire thus kindled should triumph over the element on which it floated; and that the God, to whom it ascended, had heard our prayers, and would not suffer that element to witness our destruction. Every omen was favourable; the mat floated from us from the mere impulse with which it was pushed from the ship, and the heat of the flame was sufficient, amid the stillness of the calm, to attract around it a sensible motion of the colder air, so as to feed the fire till most of the fuel was consumed.

"The joy of every one was not only extreme but almost as boisterous as their rage and disappointment on the preceding day; and, to crown the whole, in less than an hour afterwards, the glassy surface of the waters began to be ruffled by light airs from the south and from the west."

After weathering a very severe gale, during which Mr. Buckingham's personal exertions were put in requisition to save the vessel, she passed into the harbour of Soor. In this place, the ancient Tyre of the Scriptures, our traveller observed an article in the costume of the women of that city, which seems to illustrate an hitherto obscure passage in the Psalms.

"In the court of the house where we lodged, (says Mr. Buckingham,) I observed a female, whose garments appeared to resemble those of the Jewish women in Turkey and Egypt. The face and bosom were exposed to view, and the waist was girt with a broad girdle, fastened by massy silver clasps. This woman, who was a Christian, wore also on her head a hollow silver horn, rearing itself upwards obliquely from her forehead, being four or five inches in diameter at the root, and pointed at its extreme; and her ears, her neck, and her arms, were laden with rings, chains, and bracelets.

"The first peculiarity reminded me very forcibly of the expression of the Psalmist, 'Lift not up thine horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck: all the horns of the wicked will I cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.'"

After paying a bill at the inn at Soor of seventy-four piasters for only two days, and reading the inhabitants a severe lecture on their rapacity, Mr. Buckingham and his companion pursued their route from Soor to Acre. On his arrival at El Mufshoor, a village in its vicinity, he was informed that the struggle between the French and English for that place was still remembered. The latter are uniformly spoken of with the highest consideration and respect. An old man, who had been an eye witness, recounted to them, with much minuteness, the circumstances of the siege of Acre. The amount of the charges against them was very different from that paid at Soor; the whole demand, including provisions for four persons and their animals, was only three piastres and a half, or little more than half a dollar. They entered the town that evening on foot.

"The approach to this city (says our author) is rendered interesting by the appearance of gardens and cultivated land without, and by the full foliage of innumerable trees, rearing their heads within the walls. The town itself stands at the extremity of a plain on the sea shore, insomuch that we were obliged to descend on approaching its south-eastern gate of entrance."

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Buckingham of Hadjee Ahmet Pasha of Acre, commonly called Jezzar, or the Butcher:—

“He was a man famous for his personal strength, his ferocious courage, his cruelty, and his insatiable avarice, as well as for the great power which the active exertion of all these qualities together procured from him. Some short time before his decease, he was conscious of the approach of death; but so far from showing any remorse for his past actions, or discovering any indications of a wish to make atonement for them, the last moments of this tyrant were employed in contriving fresh murders, as if to close, with new horrors the bloody tragedy of his reign. Calling to him his father-in-law, Sheikh Taha, as he himself lay on the bed of death, ‘I perceive,’ said he, ‘that I have but a short time to live. What must I do with these rascals in my pri-

sons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to be let loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them are governors, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the wealth which I have taken from them; so it is best, both for their own sakes and for that of others, that I should destroy them. They will then be soon in a place where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, Yes! that’s best!—dispatch them!’ In obedience to the charitable conclusion of this pathetic apostrophe, twenty-three wretches were immediately added to the long list of the victims of Jezzar Pasha’s cruelty; and, it is said, they were all of them thrown into the sea together, as the most expeditious mode of execution.”

To be continued.

Varieties.

(English Magazines, November 1821.)

SNUFF-TAKING.

“When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.”

I OFTEN take a pinch myself—and though I never yet have carried a box, I know enough of the human nose, and its tendency after long indulgence, to exact as a matter of right what was originally granted as a favour, to make great allowances for those who do; I can, therefore, fully sympathise in the feelings of a numerous and respectable portion of the community, who complain with some indignation, of the uncharitable attack upon their private habits in a late Number of the *New Monthly*.^{*} Certain epithets, altogether unworthy a civilized Journal, are there levelled at a very antient and harmless custom; and though backed by the authority of an English peer, bear unequivocal marks of that radical spirit, which, as far as a hatred of tobacco is concerned, cannot be too vehemently reprobated. But let not the

^{*} Article on Noses.

writer flatter himself, that Rappee and High Toast are so easily put down. He may denounce our noses as “dust-holes” if he will—but what precious dust!—what an aider of thought—what a *solamen curarum*—what a helpmate of existence, βεῖς ἀρωγὴ as Plato said of the olive!—what a soother of irritability, as Sir Joshua found it. Let this anti-nasal declaimer just step into Messrs. Fribourg and Pontets, and he’ll soon see, in the formidable array of robust and well-battalioned jars, what an unequal contest he has undertaken to wage against one of the most popular usages of his country:—jars containing every modification of sternulatory materials, collected from every quarter of the globe, and sanctioned, many of them, in emblazoned characters, by the highest names in Europe, from Hardham’s No. 37, for rough sneezers, down to the delicate and costly Maccabau, whose essence is so subtle and pervading, that like Desdemona’s charms, it makes the “senses ache” with exuberance of delight. There is Martinique, pungent,

aromatic, and best after dinner ; Masulapatam, its name and odour transporting the fancy to the gorgeous East ; French Bureau, every grain of which gives a man a feel of business ; The King of Prussia's, compounded from Frederick's receipt, expressly for heroes and statesmen ; Fine Spanish, with which Bonaparte gained all his victories ; Mr. Vansittart's, usually called for by writers and readers of plans for paying off the National Debt ; Violet and a-la-Rose, for noviciates and dandies—and, above all, the inimitable Lundy Foot, that master-spirit in sneezing matters, whose single genius has done more for the human nose than combined discoveries of every preceding tobacconist or amateur, and whose name, though he now is "laid in dust," flourishes, and will flourish, as long as the world shall keep in view that cardinal maxim, to establish which his life was devoted—that snuff in its perfection should be taken dry. Nor let it be supposed, that these and the many others I might enumerate, operate solely as physical excitants ; no, the imagination comes in for its full share of the enjoyment. When we take a pinch for instance of Napoleon's favourite, (fine Spanish above-mentioned,) how soul-stirring to feel that we are doing precisely what the hero himself did after the battle of Marengo. Again, what a fund of delicious association is thrown in, without any extra charge, in a fresh canister of Wellington's or Lord Petersham's—what a conscious community of tastes !—what a grateful levelling of distinctions, without disturbing the public peace, or Mr. Birnie ! How cheering to our self-love to reflect that, however exalted above us these great men may be in other respects, their nostrils fare no better than our own. Let the libeller of noses think of this, and pause before he renews his unseemly vituperation. Let him further consider, that his invectives directly tend to bring into contempt some very venerable ceremonies, adopted after mature deliberation, for civic and state occasions, where, while, the other senses are disregarded, we see the pleasures of the noses elected as most worthy of public favour and princely

countenance. Who, for example, ever heard of the freedom of a city being presented in a splendid fiddle-case ? or a foreign ambassador, on the eve of departure, requested to accept, as an especial mark of Royal approbation, a valuable soup-ladle, or a beautifully wrought cork-screw ?—No such thing ; the bare idea excites derision ; but for ages past, both in England and other European states, the snuff-box has been the favoured vehicle of privilege and honour ; and it requires little argument to shew, that a preference so long established and acquiesced in, must have solid reasons on its side, that cannot now be shaken by all the sophistries of ridicule or abuse. I once asked an ingenious friend, "how the organ of smelling had contrived to come in for all this honour ?"—His reply was : "clearly because it is now considered the seat of honour. The old Hudibrastic notion is exploded—at least if that noble quality dwells before, beyond a doubt, its head-quarters are the nose—pull it, even with the most circumspect gentleness, and how incurable the insult. Now it being of the essence of honour, to be as alive to benefits as it is sensitive to outrage, hence its visible dwelling-place has been made the subject of all these costly gifts, precisely on the principle of the pagan offerings of old, at the shrine of some high-minded but irritable divinity."

The writer whom I am refuting expresses extraordinary wonder at the continuing prevalence of snuff-taking. I recommend to his consideration two facts : First, it is equally a luxury of the rich and the poor, and almost the only luxury which the rich have not discarded, because the poor can afford to enjoy it. I put it to his candour, whether there be not here some proof, "that there must be a pleasure in snuff-taking, which snuff-takers only know."—Secondly, it has ever been a favourite custom with men the most distinguished for genius in every department of intellect : I have already named a few, Sir Joshua, Frederick, Napoleon, and Mr. Vansittart ; and it is generally considered, that without some such help the minds of those eminent persons, however naturally elevated, could

not have risen so high, or soared so long. I might multiply examples without number. In my own poor way, I have found what an aid it is to inspiration. A celebrated Irish writer of the present day, being asked, where he had got one of his most brilliant fancies, replied with equal truth and candour, "where I got all the rest, in Lundy Foot's shop;" and (to give one more contemporary instance) the frequenters of the Italian Opera cannot fail to observe, that the admirable leader of the band there, no sooner perceives a difficult *Obligato* coming upon him, than he invariably prepares his mind by a hasty pinch for that exquisite conception of his subject, which his tones and execution never fail to communicate.

But to go an inch or two deeper into the subject: when a man takes a pinch of snuff, he exemplifies one of the most remarkable principles of human nature—the love of excitation. Nature has given our blood and thoughts a certain rapidity of movement, but we find it more agreeable to set them going a little faster, or (the more usual case,) we jade them by excessive exercise, and must have recourse to artificial stimulants to restore their vigour—else we are the victims of *ennui*, *Anglicé*, the blue devils. We become harsh and testy; we torment our families, distrust our friends. If we are rich enough to travel, we fly from place to place, "seeking comfort and finding none." If we are poets, we write sonnets against the human race, magnanimously including ourselves. If the wars are raging, we long for the tumult of the camp; we somehow feel that cutting-off the heads of half a dozen Frenchmen, would prove a great relief. If it be time of peace, we stay at home and pine away; and unless some real calamity should fortunately step in to divert our thoughts, the chance is, that we call in the razor or the pistol to terminate the scene. This is an extreme case, though not an imaginary one, as every coroner can tell; but the intermediate degrees are felt more or less by all, and the application of powdered tobacco to the nose, is only one of the thousand methods that have been in-

vented to satisfy the universal craving for excitement.

Were it possible for the mind to seize at a single view the occupations of all the inhabitants of the globe, it would be somewhat curious to behold the numbers that at any given point of time, are busily and solely employed in raising their animal spirits to the agreeable point of elevation, and to compare the various artifices adapted for this purpose. Of the eight hundred millions, the computed number of the whole, we should have so many millions or thousands throwing off drams; so many sipping coffee; so many masticating opium, and other exhilarating extracts; so many dancing, singing, hunting or gambling, all to keep off the *tedium vitæ*. Some must have mimic scenes of bloodshed on the stage; some must see men kill one another in earnest; for others a mortal cock-fight is a sufficient stimulant. Some keep the vapours at bay by talking politics, others by talking scandal, millions by talking of themselves. Some droop if the world neglects to praise them, and of these, some prefer a full draught of adulation at stated intervals, while others, among whom are authors, actors, crowned heads, and handsome ladies, must be tipping it from morning till night. Some take to the excitement of hot suppers; others to ghost stories; others to authentic accounts of earthquakes, murders, and conflagrations. But it were endless to proceed; money-making, money-spending; fanatical devotion; auto-de-fés; Indian torturing of prisoners; sight-seeing; last new novels; in a word, many of men's occupations and most of their amusements—what are they but the several ways of attaining the same end: and happy they who have so regulated their passions, as to require no other stimulant than a few diurnal sneezes to keep their minds in good humour with the world and themselves.

AEROLITE.

The Paris papers mention, that the stone which fell from the clouds on the 23d of June, at Javinas, in the department of Ardèche, is now exhibiting to the public. Several amateurs have made proposals for purchasing this wonderful stone, which has excited great speculation among the naturalists. An English mineralogist has, we

understand, offered a considerable sum for it.

COWPER.

The residence of Cowper at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, has long been uninhabited, and is now in an advanced state of dilapidation. Some of the neighbours, however, on the day of the coronation, procured boughs and flowers from Cowper's favourite walk, at Weston-under-wood, and decorated the outside of the house with oak, laurel, and wreaths of flowers, to his memory.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

The field of Culloden and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their secret glens; but still they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. Savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive “Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey.”

It was about this period, and, though it may surprise many, it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R. a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the displeasing intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Livie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he

struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless waste frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R. forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambushade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and then sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun*. There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rocks, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in mid-way air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr. R. posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a groupe, and stood bellowing, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R. saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling-pieces. Mr. R.'s party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambushade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at

the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R. and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R." said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself: if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me."—"I will treat," replied Mr. R.—"but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle: Mr. R. had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded,—the money paid,—the guns uncocked and shouldered,—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be wanting." Mr. R. did so. "They are all here," said he "but one small dun quey."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R.'s people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and dragged appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

Statistic Views.

CENSUS OF 1821.

THE population in Great-Britain, at the Census in 1811, was 11,800,000, exclusive of the army and navy, then about 50,000. From the returns, so far as published, under the present census, it appears the increase is about fifteen per cent. This will make the population of Great Britain at present to be 14,000,000 of souls. Ireland contains 6,500,000 people, making the population of the British dominions in Europe 20,500,000. The population of our North American possessions cannot be less than 1,500,000; the population of the West India

colonies, 900,000; Africa, about 130,000; in the Mediterranean, 150,000; colonies and dependencies in Asia, 2,040,000; and our other extensive territories in the East Indies, perhaps 70,000 of souls. The whole population of the British Empire will, at that rate, contain 95,220,000 of souls. The Russian, the next highest in the scale of civilized nations, contains 50,000,000; France, 30,000,000; and Austria an equal number. —The Roman Empire, in all its glory, contained 120,000,000, one half of whom were slaves. When we compare its situation with that of the British empire, in power, wealth, resources, and industry. in the arts, sciences, commerce, and agriculture, the preponderance of the latter in the scale of nations and empires, is great and most remarkable. The tonnage employed in the merchants' service is about 2,640,000 tons for G. Britain; the exports 51,000,000, including 11,000,000 foreign and colonial; the imports, 36,000,000. The navy during the last war consisted of 1000 ships of war; the seamen at present in the merchants' service are about 174,000; the net revenue of the state £57,000,000. The capital of the empire contains 1,200,000 persons, the same number which Rome contained in the days of her greatest strength. The value fixed on landed property in Great Britain, as calculated by Mr. Pitt in the year 1797, £1,600,000,000, and it may now be fairly taken at £2,000,000,000. The cotton manufactures of the country are immense, and reach in the exports to £20,000,000, or one half of the whole. In short, taking every thing into consideration, the British empire, in power and strength, may be stated as the greatest that ever existed on earth, as it far surpasses them in knowledge, moral character, and worth. On her dominions the sun never sets; before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone three hours on Port Jackson, and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Mouth of the Ganges.

A volume is in the press which is intended to match Prior's account of all the Voyages round the World, under the title of *The Universal Traveller* it will contain an abstract of the chief books of travels in all countries, and be illustrated with one hundred engravings.

Moses Samuel, Esq. of Liverpool, has presented to the Library of the Atheneum a Manuscript Pentateuch, or Sacred Law of the Jews. This curiosity is written on a roll of fine vellum, four inches wide, and upwards of forty-five feet long; it is attached at each end to an ivory roller, and the whole is enclosed in a splendid case of crimson velvet. A special meeting of the committee was summoned for the purpose of receiving this valuable present; and an ark was ordered to be prepared for its preservation, under Mr. Samuel's directions.